



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?  
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



It seemed to the editor of The Art Amateur that the spirited crayon drawing by Rajon, reproduced on the preceding page, might be pleasant to glance at as one peruses—as who does not?—"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies;" so he gives it, although a portrait of the same distinguished artist was published in the magazine some years ago. We have here a striking likeness; but poor Rajon was too kind-hearted to present the fiery Whistler with the frankness shown in Mr. Chase's full-length portrait of him, which, cruel though it be—as a painting, by the way, it is an admirable parody on Whistler's "Sarasate"—is wonderfully life-like. The doughty Quixote of the studio, half lost in the murky background, appears, wand in hand—as if to emphasize his diminutive stature—with head thrown back, monocle quizzically in eye, and the famous white lock standing out aggressively from its fellows, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre. But his endless fights with the critics seem to tell on Mr. Whistler; for his once raven locks are now more than streaked with silver, and soon, alas, the famous white one will be united with its brethren. Shall I wish that this may prove symbolical of reconciliation and amity all around? Perish the thought! The sable locks may fade, and the white lock may join its fellows; but Whistler, dear Whistler, even bald-headed, you would be our Whistler still! May you live forever! You add to the gayety of the nations. We cannot do without you!

THE Hanging Gardens of Babylon were one of the Seven Wonders of the Old World, and the proposed Hanging Gardens over the Reservoir in Fifth Avenue may one day rank among the wonders of enterprise of The New (York) World. So good an architect as Mr. Stanford White, I see, expresses faith in the feasibility of this daring idea. Let me commend to the notice of the editor, by the way, the fascinating description of the Hanging Gardens of old, in Elizabeth Stewart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward's clever novel of the times of Daniel, "The Master of the Magicians," published recently by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SPEAKING of the purchase by the Royal Academy, under the terms of the bequest of the Chantrey Fund, of the picture "Love Locked Out," by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, a New York Herald writer says: "The only American that I can recall that has had a picture bought out of the Chantrey Fund is Ernest Parton, the landscape painter, who has resided in England for a number of years." His recollection on the subject is imperfect. It is only a few years since John S. Sargent was so honored.

MRS. MERRITT'S picture is noticed as follows by The Daily Telegraph:

"A very clever, but somewhat disappointing, picture is A. L. Merritt's 'Love Locked Out'; Cupid, quite nude and with the nape of his neck to the spectator, is vainly seeking admittance at a brazen portal which has been securely locked, bolted and barred against him. There is a wicket in the inhospitable postern, and through the bars of that wicket the imaginative might think that there was audible the murmur in a sweet mezzo-contralto voice of the refrain of the Ethiopian ditty, 'It's no use knocking at the door.' The boy's figure is unimpeachably drawn and modelled, and the flesh tints are most cleverly and successfully contrasted with the yellow sheen of the door; but the poetic beauty of the subject is quite marred by the circumstance that the artist has given her Love an ugly, common shock-head of hair, which makes him look like a 'gavroche' who has played truant from a board school, and after taking a mud-lark bathe at Chelsea has left his clothes on the Embankment and come up to a studio in Tite Street to stand as a model. We could dispense with Cupid's conventional and hackneyed wings, bow, arrows, and quiver; but a few touches would have made this disrobed urchin put on something of the guise of the Master who is, or was, or is to be, of all mankind."

THE only important purchase by an American at the recent sale in Paris of the collection of the late Prosper Crabbe was made on behalf of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World, who paid 50,000 francs for the fine Franz Hals, "Le Joueur de Violon." One million,

five hundred and eighty thousand francs, the official report says, was the product of the Crabbe sale. But I learn on the best authority, that one-third at least must be subtracted for pictures bought in by the family. Of the pictures attributed to Rubens most were thus disposed of. All those by Alfred Stevens were bought in and one or two of the Meissoniers. The pictures actually sold brought good prices; but, taken altogether, the sale was not a success.

THE famous collection of English miniatures by Cosway and contemporaries, in the Edward Joseph sale at Christie's, according to The Athenæum, brought nearly £10,000. The name of the buyer is not given.

THE suit against Mr. Durand-Ruel, going on for four years in the Paris courts, involving the authenticity of the painting, "Marat dans sa baignoire," which he bought as an original work by David when he purchased the gallery of Prince Napoleon in 1868, and sold as such to the present owner, Mr. Terme, director of the Museum of Lyons, has been decided by the Court of Appeals wholly in favor of the defendant—or rather, of the defendants, for Mr. Terme was made a party to the action. The suit was brought by the heirs of David to establish their version of the picture as the original, and at first it was decided in their favor. They admitted that the Durand-Ruel picture came from David's studio, but maintained that it was by Baron Gerard, one of his pupils. The testimony of the experts from the beginning has been so strongly in favor of Mr. Durand-Ruel that it is strange that judgment was not given him in the first instance.

THE following lines are addressed by The Sun to the Superintendent of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, who recently refused Mr. Chase permission to paint there:

"You are at least consistent, Mr. Jones,  
To let no artist in your fair park lurk.  
We judge that none has ever been there yet,  
From what we've seen of your queer landscape work."

The epigram is neat, but, in point of fact, if there is not some excellent landscape gardening at Prospect Park, Mr. Chase—judging from his many delightful little pictures taken there—must, while painting from nature, have drawn upon his imagination.

THE daily press of London does not seem to treat Mr. Sargent's pictures at the Royal Academy with any more consideration than did The Athenæum his work at The New Gallery (quoted last month), judging from the following notice found in The Daily Telegraph:

"The exuberant Mr. J. S. Sargent—who seems to be all ablaze with talent, corruscating, it may be hinted, in rays of somewhat peculiar effulgency—is very sparkling indeed in the 'Portrait of a Lady.' Mr. Sargent also informs us in the catalogue that it is 'a study.' Is it, may we ask, a study for the higher development of the kangaroo dance? Fair is the lady to look upon, winsome is her expression, brilliantly toned are her garments, overbrimming with vigor and vivacity is the entire performance; but is the attitude assumed by the lady and is the astounding manner in which she is manipulating her voluminous skirts reconcilable with, or justifiable by, any recognized law governing the artistic fitness of things?"

It has become such an old story for Mr. Sargent to provoke criticisms of this sort that it is probable that he really enjoys them. It would be difficult to account in any other way for some of his extraordinary performances. His cleverness is amazing; but one does not want to be amazed by every portrait he exhibits. A little of the dead level of repose would be a relief now and then. Mr. Sargent's amazing cleverness, indeed; his rage to do something original, something "stunning"—to use the slang of the studio—is apt to prove a curse to himself and anything but a blessing to the unfortunate sitter. "The hateful thing! I'd just like Mr. Sargent to paint her portrait!" a well-dressed woman exclaimed as she sailed past me in Fifth Avenue one day last winter.

THE time-honored query: "Did the ancients color their statuary?" has been revived by reason of the appearance at the Paris Salon of Gérôme's tinted statuette, "Tanagra," symbolizing Modern Archæology, by the representation of a lady examining a figurine she has dug from the earth. Like the life-size tinted "Venus," shown by the English sculptor, Gibson, at the Universal Exhibition, at London, in 1862, Gérôme's figure has blue eyes, light yellow hair and pink flesh. I remember,

by the way, that Gibson's "Venus" held a gilded apple, which shone prodigiously when the sun at noon streamed through the great aisle where the statue stood, always surrounded by a gaping throng. To return to the question as to the practice of the Greeks in the matter of coloring their statuary, it must undoubtedly be answered in the affirmative, as, on the irrefutable testimony of leading archæologists, has more than once been pointed out in these columns.

THE idea has been revived by M. Edmund Bonaffé of stocking a new museum in Paris, "which should cost nothing," with the artistic furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries now scattered through the various Government buildings. At the Ministry of War, of Finances, of the Marine, at the Department of Public Works, arm-chairs, tables, cabinets and commodes, all chefs-d'œuvres of the contemporaries of Gouthière and Boulle, abound. At the Garde-Meuble furniture, hangings, candelabra, tapestries are stored away neglected and unknown. Why not, Bonaffé asks, put all these artistic productions, which furnish the very best models that modern workmen can have, where they may be seen and studied, and replace them, where necessary, by cheap and useful modern furniture? The suggestion is a good one; but I refer to it principally because a third source which he mentions, in the Guide de l'Amateur, is open to American amateurs of eighteenth-century furniture. The Government sales, the "ventes du Domaine," are, be it known, the happy hunting ground of the knowing ones among the dealers. They are hardly advertised, there are no catalogues, no publicity, no regular auctioneer and no amateurs. Silver candlesticks wrought by Germain are sold by the pound. Fine old iron-work and wood panelling bring simply what it costs to tear them down and take them away. Columns and tables of porphyry are sold by the heap, and are sometimes resold the same day for five or six times the price at which they are knocked down. M. Bonaffé suggests that these sales be managed at the Hôtel Drouot, and that the Louvre have the right to retire any object that may be considered worthy of being placed in the proposed eighteenth-century museum. Meanwhile the hint need not be lost by American collectors. I happen to know that Mr. Henri O. Watson has for some time "worked" these sales to great pecuniary profit, and may be other American dealers have done the same thing.

It appears from the French journals that the counterfeiters Lambert and Hartmann, who succeeded in selling drawings falsely attributed to Detaille, De Neuville and Meissonier to Mr. Victor Koning and Mr. Levy, have been condemned, the former to a year's imprisonment, the latter, who was the actual counterfeiter, but who was not concerned in selling the false drawings, to three months. Hartmann, it seems, made the drawings, which are said to have been very clever imitations, for 100 francs each. Lambert, who employed him, obtained anywhere from 800 to 2000 frs. for them. As Lambert has been engaged in this business all his life, and claims to have succeeded his uncle in it, there must be thousands of these counterfeits in the hands of amateurs.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK is having extraordinary success in London. His exhibition of pastels at Robert Dunthorne's gallery has not only been highly praised by the leading critics, but at last advances nearly all had been sold at prices ranging from five to twenty-five guineas each. Goupil & Co. are to open a special exhibition of his paintings in oil, on December 6th, and Mr. Kennedy, of Wunderlich and Co., who is in London, has arranged with Mr. Hitchcock for an exhibition of pastels in New York next season. "Atmospheric Notes in Pastel" are what the artist calls his sketches in Holland, at the Dunthorne gallery. By the way, the poetic little preface to the catalogue, signed "J. B.," has been attributed—on the strength of the initials, I suppose—to John Burroughs. It was written by Mrs. Hitchcock.

HERE are some London criticisms on Mr. Hitchcock's well-known "Tulip Culture," on the occasion of its recent appearance at the Royal Academy:

"Audacious yet successful."—The Daily News.  
"Mr. Hitchcock's 'Tulips' were in the Salon last year. The picture is a great triumph, and marks the painter as one of the few 'born colorists' in the art of to-day."—The Artist.  
". . . A bold and interesting attempt to deal decoratively with brilliant masses of pink, white and yellow flowers, disposed

in successive oblongs and 'shot' with green leaves, to use a millinery term. The harmonious balance of the picture is obtained by a woman in violet and a background of green trees. Perhaps, however, the want of some shadow is felt for contrast—it is all so bright.—The Sunday Times.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, Director of the American Archaeological School at Athens, who lately lectured in London before The Royal Institution on the recent excavations in Greece, with illustrations from photographs thrown upon a screen by electric light, describes the progress of the work of himself and his associates at Platea. One of the latter, Mr. Hunt, has prepared a careful paper on the topography of the battlefield of Platea, illustrated by a new map, in which he has been assisted by Mr. Hale. Dr. Waldstein has not yet discovered any of the three important temples (Athena, Hera and Demeter), but he has, in the course of his excavations, come upon some interesting inscriptions. Under the lead of the scholarly young Doctor, the work of our American school in Athens, in the way of original research, is certainly highly creditable, and greater things may be looked for in the near future. Dr. Waldstein last month made his annual visit to the home of his parents in New York; but too late, alas, to find his father alive. That most estimable gentleman, whose pride in his talented son was the ruling passion of his life, died within a day or two of the latter's return.

A LONDON correspondent of The Art Amateur seems to think that, with the notable decline in the market value of a lot of "huge pictures by Maclise and Frith's famous 'Railway Station,'" which, under the auctioneer's hammer, recently fetched but £300—"barely a twentieth of the sum given for them a few years ago"—the "keystone of the edifice ingeniously reared and supported by mutual log-rolling and faith in the ignorance of the English public is near falling, if, indeed, it has not already started." In the interests of art, it would be good news if it were so. But this consummation so "devoutly to be wished" I fear must be still far off. At picture sales in London almost coincident with the auction referred to, nearly a hundred thousand pounds was paid for a group of paintings by Sir Edwin Landseer and some of his contemporaries. Mr. J. Stanley Little recently declared the British to be "the most utterly ignorant people in art matters in the civilized world." This sounds like a harsh judgment, but, in truth, it is one difficult to gainsay. MONTEZUMA.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

"THE worst Royal Academy for years" is as common a cry during the London season as the cuckoo's note in the country, and often enough uttered as automatically or passed on as monotonously. But this year the trite criticism is for once true, since within the memory of art critics (not a huge span of time, perhaps) no show so poor in its average can be recalled. Not that the mean level is low, but it is such a dull array of commonplace mediocrity, rarely breaking into distinctly good or obviously bad.

The more famous names especially tell with diminished force this year. The pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton or those by Sir John Millais would be passed over in silence were they signed by unknown artists. Even Mr. Alma-Tadema has sent his best work elsewhere, and is represented by one portrait and "The Frigidarium," an interior of a Roman bath, with draped and undraped figures, that, good as it is, is not more than an excellent example of the painter. The tiny peep of landscape, studied, as one painter told me, from the coast of the Riviera, is in its way the finest bit of outdoor painting in the exhibition; yet it occupies but a few inches of the background, and is a mere detail. Mr. Orchardson, usually a tower of strength, has only a graceful "pot-boiler," of a girl standing on the edge of the cliff. Mr. Watts is, for once, unimpressive, and the rest of the Academicians are so little concerned with art this year that it would be a pity to waste time in discussing their productions.

A note ominous for the official immortality of Britannic art was sounded coincidentally with the May shows, when huge pictures by Maclise, and Frith's famous "Railway Station," fetched but £300 under the auctioneer's hammer, barely a twentieth of the sum given for them a few years ago. It would seem that the keystone of the edifice ingeniously reared and supported by mutual log-rolling and faith in the ignorance of the public is near falling, if, indeed, it has not already started.

So those whose study is of art look eagerly for the coming men to restore the position gained by Reynolds, Constable and Turner; but they look almost in vain at Burlington House. John M. Swan, one of the foremost outsiders, is, despite a limited sympathy and somewhat cramped invention, almost a great master, and his tiny picture of a nude fisher boy prone on the bank piping to the fishes is perhaps the best work of the year. His "Lioness Defending her Cubs" is similar in idea to his "Maternity" at the present Grosvenor exhibition. Henry Moore again gives us stretches of tossing sea painted with the brisk movement of which he alone has the secret. In the Paris Salon this year his seascape tells out with a force of its own amid far more accomplished neighbors than he is placed among in England.

The newer works by young artists, whose pictures were purchased in former seasons for the permanent collection under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, are always curiously awaited. This year Adrian Stokes sends what is practically a replica of his last year's work, and "Off St. Ives;" good though it be, is but a twice-told tale. H. S. Tuke, whose "All Hands to the Pump" was notably distinct last year, essays a flight into classical fields, and in his Perseus and Andromeda has attempted a naturalistic treatment of the myth. For the nude in the open air, no picture of the year surpasses this in exquisite color and masterly drawing; but as an interpretation of the theme, it has failed to secure unanimous praise. His "Euchre," a group of sailors seated on the deck of a ship, is a fine study of nautical genre, and a worthy advance. W. H. Bartlett's experiment in a similar theme, "The Committee Boat" at a swimming match, gives the bare facts of flesh in sunlight, but is a painfully prosaic transcript of unselected truths that excites little sympathy in any respect.

Mr. Lavery, in "The Bridge at Gretz," shows what may be fairly voted the best picture of the year from an artist's point of view. It is a long stretch of river crossed to the right by an old stone bridge; no sky is seen through the trees; there is a checkered mixture of sun and shadow beneath overhanging foliage. A long on-brigger, with an oarsman in boating costume and a boatful of people in modern dress, complete the tableau. Modern, veracious and unromantic in its subject, it is by its absolute accomplishment not far short of a masterpiece.

Frank Brangwyn's studies of rough seas and rocking vessels are fine schemes of low tone, but, as with Mr. Swan's work, the fascination of their lowered key of color gives monotony that erelong would deserve reproach. Mr. Boughton has but one work in the Academy, "The Puritan's First Winter in New England," but it is singularly good. Mr. Sargent has sent his most important canvases elsewhere, and his "Mrs. K—" and "A Lady" do but fulfil his promise of excellence. Frank D. Millet's "How the Gossip Grew" is a dainty thing in its bric-a-brac way. George Hitchcock's "Tulip Culture"—a triumph of a former Paris Salon, which has been both illustrated and described in The Art Amateur—tells with splendid distinction, and dominates the room.

In sculpture there is also a falling off, or, more correctly, less evident advance. Onslow Ford's "Gordon" is a triumph of its kind, but it is the school of the rococo, and must not be thought of in connection with, say, the Elgin marbles. Mr. Donoghue's "Sophokles" is too evidently a variant of a well-known figure in the Luxembourg to be accepted as a great work, yet it is comparatively excellent. Harry Bate's two examples are also notable, but the rest of the sculpture fulfils the tradition of 1890, and provokes little praise if it deserves but scant blame.

Altogether the Academic harvest of 1890 is a poor crop, and is not worth garnering among the store for posterity, but may be cast as grass into the oven, and forgotten with the closing of its exhibition.

GLEESON WHITE.

AT the Durand-Ruel galleries, in Fifth Avenue, one may at present admire some of these Limoges enamels, Florentine bronzes, and ivory triptychs, which the great European collectors like Mr. Spitzer so much affect. A magnificent bas-relief in marble, by Cesare da Fiesole, of the Madonna and Child, has its background still coated with blue paint, and its arabesque border touched with faded gilding. It is in excellent preservation. A salt-cellar of Limoges enamel is decorated with figures of dancing boys on each of its eight sides. Among the new pictures may be mentioned a Fortuny, a "Spanish

Dancer" in a court-yard decorated with pots of flowers and with Moorish falences; two Diaz figure-pieces of unusual merit—a lady with hollyhocks and a group of Italian children; several fine Corots; a Houdin cattle piece; a Teniers, "The Alchemist," and a "Drinker," by Adrian Von Ostade.

#### THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE changes at the Metropolitan Museum are, this season, neither numerous nor very obvious. The frequent visitor will notice a better arrangement of the Cesnola and other antiquities, and a few additions to the Willard collection of architectural casts, on the ground floor. It is in the upper galleries that the most important changes have been made. Chief among them must be reckoned Mr. Marquand's handsome gift of pictures, which are valuable as representing their several schools, and make an interesting addition to the collection of old masters and canvases of the English school already presented by him to the museum. They include a half-length "Portrait of a Lady," attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It is a panel and shows a vertical crack through two thirds of its length, running through the face, neck and upper part of the bust, but not seriously disfiguring the painting. It is otherwise in very fair preservation. The lady is presented full face, is dressed in a brownish stomacher, with red slashed sleeves, and holds a small dish of cherries in her hand. The face is pale and looks as though the finishing touches—in carmine, possibly—had disappeared. The reddish auburn hair is confined by a wreath of foliage in metal, apparently intended for bronze, and is most elaborately painted, or rather drawn, in fine glittering lines. The color is even, yet very fine, and altogether we have an important addition to the Museum's Italian paintings. The picture is from the St. Leonard collection, bought entire from Lord de Ros about 1830. A Rembrandt, "Portrait of a Man," from the collection of Sir William Knighton, physician to George IV., is a sketch in transparent tints of an old man in a slouched hat and brown doublet. The lace cravat alone is heavily painted.

"Susannah and the Elders," attributed to Rubens, is a small picture, with the crouching figure of the woman in front, and the two splendidly clad "elders" behind a stone balustrade in the background. The picture has no record, but in color and handling it is not unworthy of the great Fleming. Hogarth's portrait of little Miss Rich, seated at a small table building a house of cards, is very pleasant in its silvery gray tones, and the expression of the little girl's face is most amusingly rendered. A portrait of Olivarez, from the Landsdowne collection, attributed to Velasquez, is full of animation, but rather bricky in color. A supposed Van Eyck, "The Deposition from the Cross," a small panel, is interesting chiefly because of the supposition of the donor that it is by the originator of oil painting. The figures are well grouped and expressive, but show no sign of genius. It can be traced no farther back than 1887, when it was in the collection of the Hamborough family of Ventnor, Isle of Wight. A large decorative landscape by Gainsborough is from the collection of the late Sir Francis Bolton.

In the loan collection, the Seney pictures have been replaced by a number of pictures belonging to Mr. Havemeyer. The three magnificent Rembrandts, "The Gilder" and the portraits of Van Beresteyn and his wife, are now to be seen together, with two smaller portraits by Franz Hals, of Scriverius and his wife, the large Corot, "The Destruction of Sodom" (all of which have been noticed in The Art Amateur), and several other fine examples of the modern French school. The two examples of Franz Hals are from the Secretan sale. So also is the famous "Interior" by Pieter de Hooghe. The Decamps's are two eastern landscapes, one of which has a distant view of Smyrna, with figures near a stream in the foreground. The other is a brown, rocky landscape with a man stooping to drink at a small spring, and a blue mountainous distance. A remarkable Ziem, a "Canal in Holland," with boats and barges, and a fine Troyon, "The Water Cart" being filled at the edge of a river, with a background of willow trees, are also from the Havemeyer gallery.

In the "Gold Room" a choice lot of Battersea enamels, snuff-boxes and vinaigrettes, presented by Mr. Marquand, hang on the wall opposite the door. The Lazarus collection of miniatures and fans has been added to, especially in the latter department, and a lot of American Indian gold and silver antiquities from the Barlow bequest has been disposed in various parts of the room.